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Picture Show

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of the "Picture
Show" girl

*A
Picture Show
Reader*

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SCREEN
CHANCE!**

at the STOLL
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CRICKLEWOOD

(See Inside)



SYBIL RHODA



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Toilet Preparations

Help you to 'look your best' always





NORMA SHEARER.

NORMA is a rising star,
Climbing up the screen;
Once she was an extra girl,
Soon she'll be a queen.

A FRIEND OF THE INDIANS—BETTY BLYTHE AT THE LONDON COLISEUM—SCREEN COMEDIAN FIND

YOU will remember that when "The Covered Wagon" was presented over here at the London Pavilion, preceding the film, we were given an interesting account of the Indians taking part in the film by Colonel Tim McCoy. He achieved international recognition for this, for he is the only man ever able to induce primitive American Indians to cross the water, which he did in connection with the London presentation of this picture.

Now I hear Colonel McCoy has been engaged to handle the 8,000 Indians in "The Last Frontier." He is at present in Wyoming rounding up the various tribes which will participate in the scenes of Indian warfare in this big Western spectacle.

Colonel McCoy is held in great esteem by the Indians, to whom he is known as "High Eagle." He has made a life study of their habits, their customs, and their racial peculiarities, and he speaks seven tribal languages in addition to being an expert in the sign language.

In addition to taking charge of the Indians in "The Last Frontier," Colonel McCoy will also be a member of the cast, and I hear the director of the picture believes that he has a real "find" in this new screen personality.

Betty at London Coliseum

THE news that Betty Blythe will shortly appear at the London Coliseum in variety is of the greatest interest to picturegoers in this country.

Betty Blythe is best known for her performances in "Chu Chin Chow" and "Southern Love," and cuts from these famous films will precede her act at the Coliseum. I hear she will wear a different dress for each performance, and it is estimated that the value of these will exceed £16,000.

In "Chu Chin Chow" and "Southern Love" Betty Blythe appears in her most gorgeous and exotic dresses, and there is no doubt that there will be a demand for the re-showing of the films in which she achieved her popularity as they were originally presented.

Rosita Forbes

ROSITA FORBES, the famous woman explorer, is to be seen in a remarkable travel film from Red Sea to Blue Nile. It is



ROSITA FORBES.

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

a Britannia Film Production, photographed by Harold G. Jones. It is a one thousand, one hundred mile adventure through Abyssinia.

A Screen Comedian Find

NO wonder the reports from the other side say that W. C. Fields has been offered many screen offers. His work in "Sally of the Sawdust" proves him to be one of the finest of comedians the screen has yet seen. It is a joy to watch him.

Many will remember his turn on the music-halls over here as a tramp juggler, but this is surpassed by the fun he can get out of a suitable rôle on the films.

Don't miss him if you want a real, hearty laugh.

Setting a Fashion

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS seems to have set the fashion for Spanish stories on the screen as the fascinating hero in "Don Q." At any rate, I hear that Tom Mix is going to be a Spaniard in his next film, made from Katherine Fullerton Gerould's "Conquistador." Ann Pennington will be his leading lady for this film.

Bible Stories Screened

IF "Ben Hur" and "The Wanderer" succeed, a run of Bible pictures can be expected. All the good stories in the world are in the Bible.

But there are two difficulties in the way of making good stories from the Bible. One is the difficulty of getting suspense where the story is so well known; the other is the costumes.

For some mysterious reason an actor usually refuses to be a human being as soon as he gets a costume on. But, for all that, the greatest dramas ever written, as everyone knows, have been "Bible stories." We shall see.

Pearl in Revue

WHEN I saw Miss Pearl White the other day in London, where she is starring in "The London Revue" at the Lyceum Theatre, I asked her in the course of conversation what were her impressions of London.

"I haven't had time to get any," she smilingly answered. "What with a queue lining up every day at the box office for my autograph, and a few stage and film struck persons who haunt me and the opening days of a new show, I haven't had much time to look around."

Persistent

ONE girl in particular, who appeared to be very anxious to get on the films or, failing that, the stage, has shown

a perfect genius for thinking out ways of communicating with me. You will realise that, with the best will in the world, I cannot receive everybody who calls, and this particular young lady, having been disappointed in her efforts to reach me personally, actually rang me up in the name of a famous actress in order to ensure that I, and I alone, would be at the other end of the wire!"

Sessue to Return

HERE is news of Sessue Hayakawa, who, as you know, has spent the last three years over here and in France making pictures. Now he is back in America, and it is said that he will shortly make a series of pictures of the type that made him famous on the screen, that of the heroic Oriental to whom self-sacrifice is his second name.



A snap of THOMAS MEIGHAN taken in Ireland, where Tom is making a Paramount Picture with Lois Wilson as his leading lady. Note Tom has his favourite paper with him.

George Pearson's New Film

THAT famous producer George Pearson, who, in "Reveille" gave us an epic on the screen, is now at work on a new film. It bears the intriguing title of "Mr. Preedy and the Countess." It is a screen adaptation of the R. C. Carter play, in which Weedon Grossmith originally took the part of Mr. Preedy. Many of the scenes are laid in Paris, and there is to be a new film star for Mr. Pearson in this production—Mona Maris. Gladys Henson, the brilliantly clever screen comedienne, will also take part in this film. Of course, there could be no George Pearson film worth its name without Frank Stanmore; then we shall also see Buena Brent, Annie Esmond, Gibb McLaughlin, Frank Perfit, Harding Steerman and Douglas Rothschild.

A Perfect Cookery Book

WHILE I think of it may I tell you of a cookery book which is altogether different from all other cookery books—one that tells you all those important little details that most cookery books leave out.

Every recipe is detailed in such a way that failure is practically impossible, and waste is eliminated entirely. Moreover, every recipe is illustrated by a photograph showing the exact appearance of the completed dish. THE BEST WAY COOKERY GIFT BOOK is most beautifully printed in art photography throughout, is bound in full art cloth and contains several beautiful coloured plates. And the price is only four-and-sixpence. Over 350 tried and tested recipes.

John Barrymore's New Character Role

JOHAN BARRYMORE, I hear, may not wear one of his famous wigs in "The Sea Beast," but he is going to do something more startling than that. A portion of the rôle calls for his appearance instead with an artificial leg.

No John Barrymore picture has ever been perfect without some feat of make-up or unusual characterization achieved by its star. In nearly all previous features it has been the effect that he has achieved with a wig that has been striking, as, say, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," or "Ben Brummel." You will remember he even used it during a scene in "Sherlock Holmes," where the famous detective masqueraded.

In "Sea Beast," though, there will be the new departure mentioned.

The loss of his leg is a climax of a battle between the whaling expedition that he commands and one of the great denizens of the sea. It is a turning-point in the drama.

By the way, the old whaling-boat, purchased by Warner Brothers, is in readiness now for the filming of John Barrymore's "The Sea Beast." It is a very old craft, built around 1883, and it will no doubt serve as an excellent background for Barrymore's characterization.



Teddy's Grandson

IT has been several years since Mack Sennett featured any animals in his comedies. Animal actors are hard to find, the producer says.

Teddy, the Great Dane, was one of the finest dog actors ever known, and is well remembered for his work in Pathé comedies. Teddy died about six months ago, but his clan goes marching on.

Cap, grandson of Teddy, was "signed to a long-term contract" recently by Mack Sennett. Cap is not quite a year old, and is already three inches larger all round than his famous grandfather. He is spotted black and white, and is known as a Harlequin Dane.

A "Reel" Blaze

THE inhabitants of Salisbury and surrounding districts were given a surprise treat a few days ago when, for part of the filming of "Trainer and Temptress," a big fire scene was "shot" at the training stables of Atty Persse at Stockbridge.

In the story the stables containing the very probable winner of the Derby are burned by the villain, and no sooner did the news get abroad that this particular scene was to be shot than a pilgrimage commenced from all the surrounding districts.

Special arrangements for charabanc parties were made from Salisbury and other towns, and the scene on the roads leading to Stockbridge resembled a view of Epsom on Derby Day.

The enormous crowd of onlookers entered whole-heartedly into the spirit of the proceedings, and cheered lustily when the various horses were rushed out of the blazing building.

Princess on the Screen

A PRINCESS in her own right with a long line of distinguished ancestors behind her. This refers to Princess Neola, of the once great Tuscarora tribe. Her home is on the great Indian reservation in the state of New York. The Tuscarora tribe was at one time a member of the Confederation, or Six Nations, which rules the Indians of America.

I tell you all this because I've heard that Princess Neola is playing a part in a new film entitled "Queen of the Range."

"Bad" Men of Hollywood

WHO are the three bad men of Hollywood? According to John Ford, the director, they will be Lou Tellegen, Henry B. Walthall, and J. Farrell MacDonald.

At least, this trio has been picked for the titular rôles in "Three Bad Men."

A Risky Business

TAKING a nose dive in a Pullman car is not listed in the accomplishments of a screen star, but, as an exercise, it has been demanding the attention of Vera Reynolds, plus closely-attending nurses with first-aid implements.

It's Cecil De Mille's neat idea this, of turning a Pullman upside down; and, if the players hold out, it should be the hit of a train-wreck scene in the producer's offering, "The Road to Yesterday."

Fay Filmor.



ART ACORD and CLIFF SMITH, his director, show us a new way of playing pool.

ERIN LA BISSENIERE, who plays a part in "The Still Alarm," is, as you will see by her photograph, almost an exact double of Gloria Swanson.

If you haven't guessed it already, we would tell you that this is SYD CHAPLIN, famous film comedian, as he appears in his new rôle in "The Man on the Box."



HOW MARGARET BECAME A FLAPPER

In Spite of the Roles She Plays on the Screen, Margaret Livingston Asserts That She is an Athletic Type

MARGARET LIVINGSTON on the screen is mostly a flapper, and you have probably imagined that she is very much like this in real life.

"I was born just a normal girl, distinctly not a flapper," Margaret will tell you, "neither have I during my screen career struggled to achieve flapperdom; it has simply been thrust upon me! Flappering has therefore become a business with me, and I treat it with all seriousness."

"Personally I think I'm the athletic type. I should feel perfectly at home in any screen rôle that called for a rather lanky young person full of vim, who rides, shoots, swims, and can handle a boat with decent skill. The sort of girl who does not worry too much about clothes, and has no burning preference for a particular kind of lipstick. The kind of part I should like would be one that called for me to jump hurdles, and take an occasional sprint across rough country where sticking in the saddle is a real achievement."

Originality in Flappering

"WHEN the sheik and the flapper came in, the outdoor girl seemed to be thrust off the screen—scenarios were simply not written for her. The result was that those of us who were not old enough to play grand dames, or the type for characters or vamps, had to fall back on flappers, and it was the easiest thing imaginable for us all to become exactly like each other."

"I therefore determined that if I had to be a flapper in pictures, I would be not only a good one, but would put a dash of individuality into the characterisation."

"For instance, when I played in 'Capital Punishment' with Clara Bow, who is considered the super-flapper of the screen, I watched her very carefully, for although she was not cast strictly to the type in this particular film, the script now and then called for her to do some flappering. When I reached home I tried to do the same scenes myself, with mannerisms as far unlike those of Miss Bow as I was able to make them."

"In just the same way, whenever I have the chance, I study the flappering of Colleen Moore, which has a marked individuality, and once again in the privacy of my own home I try the scenes over, and endeavour to inject my own personality into them. It's work, real work, but I believe I have the persistency to stick at it until I have developed a distinct flapper type of my own."



MARGARET LIVINGSTON has cropped auburn hair, and a fascinating dimple in her insouciant nose.

In the circle we see MARGARET as she appeared in the race-track scene in "The Chorus Lady," her first starring production.

On the left: As the mysterious Spanish girl in "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."



A SPLENDID COMPLETE STORY

"THE MEDDLER"

The Romance of a Mysterious Highwayman who Spurned Stealing Gold but Took Arms

SINCE the early pioneers first wrested the territory of Nevada from the Indians, Red Gulch had known some exciting times. It had passed through long periods of border warfare against Red Indians and white outlaws; it had seen lawlessness rampant in the early days of the gold rush, and, in fact, gone through all the phases of development which turn a frontier camp into a civilized town.

But never in the history of Red Gulch had its inhabitants been more excited, or "hot up," as they phrased it, as they were when a mysterious outlaw appeared on the scene and started exploits which were as daring as they were mysterious.

Those who had seen this bandit described him as a handsome man of about thirty years of age, gorgeously attired in Mexican dress, and as courteous as he was fearless.

The most extraordinary thing about this bandit was that though he held up stage coaches and travelers, he never took anything but weapons.

Three times he had held up the stage which brought the pay roll to the Crescent Mine, but though he had seen and examined the steel box in which the money was carried, he had given it back to the guard, contenting himself by confiscating the latter's weapons.

It was for this reason that, although he held up people but did not take their money, that Red Gulch called him "The Meddler."

As Sheriff Bill Ramsay remarked:

"This feller must be clean loco to run the risk of ten years in a State prison just for collecting revolvers and rifles, for though as yet he ain't took no money, he's a robber, just the same. Besides, it's sort of throwing a slur on this burg when a feller defies the law just for the sake of meddling with it."

The sheriff was very sore about The Meddler, and it was well known that he would much sooner catch this mysterious highwayman than the whole gang of the rustlers who had for the past few months been raiding the cattle of the ranchers.

Many and varied were the conjectures as to the reason of The Meddler's strange conduct. Some were of the opinion that he was seeking a particular person, and that he merely took the weapons from those he held up as a safeguard against them pursuing him.

Others held that The Meddler was a man with a peculiar sense of humor, who was willing to risk his liberty to keep up a joke.

Another source of speculation was the identity of The Meddler's companion, for though the mysterious outlaw always carried out his hold-ups alone, there had been seen on several occasions a horseman dressed like himself who waited in the distance. This figure was of such slight build that many were of the opinion The Meddler's companion was a girl, though none had ever got near enough to test this theory.

All these surmises were wrong, as might have been proved had any one of the citizens of Red Gulch followed the bandit to his lair in the mountains after he had held up the Crosby stage.

Seated in front of a little cave, the outlaw was packing two revolvers and a sawed-off shot-gun in a wooden box. Having nailed down the box, he wrote the following address on the label: "Miss Dorothy Parkhurst, The Elms, Fifth Avenue, New York."

"All right, Jeeves," he called out, and a young man came out from the cave.



This was The Meddler's companion, and his slight figure and beardless face was sufficient justification for the mistake made in thinking he was a girl.

"Change into some rig less redolent of our romantic calling, Jeeves," said the outlaw, "and then ride with this box to Pike Junction and see it on the train. And you can post this letter at the same time."

The Meddler took a letter from his pocket and, before sealing up the envelope he read it aloud.

My dear Dorothy,—By this mail I am sending you a further supply of weapons taken by me in what is known here as a hold-up. I daresay you have read in the newspapers about my exploits, and if you have not you will see by the placard I enclose that there is a reward of two thousand dollars for my capture. I think I have proved to you by these acts that because a man is born to a business life, and leads it in accordance with the humdrum conditions of the city, he need not necessarily be lacking in courage, imagination, or romance. You said I had never had a thrill in my life, nor ever given you a thrill when you broke off our engagement. I certainly have had many thrills since I took up the old profession of robber, and I hope you will get a thrill when you see these weapons. If you ever change your mind about our engagement and wish it renewed, you have only to drop a line to me, Post Restante, Pike Junction, and I will return.

Still faithfully yours,

RICHARD GILMORE.

"What is your unbiased opinion of that epistle, Jeeves?" asked Gilmore.

"That I hope she doesn't change her mind," replied Jeeves, emphatically. "To tell the solid truth, Mr. Gilmore, I have no desire to leave the wild charms of Red Gulch for the old

musty city office. I have lived for the first time since we left New York, and I want to go on living. Before that we merely existed. Not for all your millions would I willingly go back to New York."

"There's something in what you say, Jeeves," admitted Gilmore. "I came out here to gratify the whim of a woman, but I've got to like the life. We're different then to what we were in Wall Street, Jeeves. A forty-mile ride or a twenty-mile walk only gives us an appetite and not a tired feeling. Of course, there's always the chance that the sheriff will get us, and then we'd be more shut up than ever we were in Wall Street."

"It's worth taking a chance," said Jeeves. "And I don't think the sheriff will get us. Brains count in this business, as it does in any other, and without any flattery you've certainly got it on the sheriff when it comes to the grey matter."

"I'm not worried about the sheriff, really," said Gilmore, folding the letter and placing it in the envelope. "I'll wait for you here. I won't be wise to go to Mother Hogan's till this last hold-up has blown over."

Jeeves mounted his horse and Gilmore lashed the box to the back of the saddle.

"Make sure about the mail," he called out as Jeeves rode off.

The next evening Jeeves came back to the camp in the mountains. He brought with him a number of newspapers, but no letter from Dorothy Parkhurst. Gilmore said nothing but he was disappointed. But he recovered his spirits when he read accounts of his exploits in the papers.

Most of the editors regarded The Meddler as a gift of the gods for providing them with amusing copy, but one or two of the old-fashioned sort were highly indignant at the way the bandit flouted the law, and they demanded that Sheriff Ramsay should be deposed unless he could capture The Meddler.

"That roasting will make Ramsay sorer than ever," said Gilmore. "And just to rub it in I'm going to hold the station stage up to-morrow."

"That's nerve," said Jeeves, admiringly, "Right under the sheriff's nose, eh?"

"Yes, but that's the last place he'll be looking for me. The trail from the railway station to Canfield's ranch is only five miles from Red Gulch, and nobody would dream I'd take a chance and get as close to the town. But I've meant to cut the comb of that driver for some time. Hickory Dan has been boasting what he'll do for me if ever his runs across my trail, and I'm going to give him the chance."

The Meddler Takes a Prisoner

THE next afternoon The Meddler and Jeeves were in hiding behind a bluff when the station stage from Red Gulch came in sight. The stage was an open Ford truck, and was used for carrying passengers to the ranches, and also for goods.

As it swung round a bend near the bluff, almost hidden in the cloud of dust it was raising, Gilmore galloped out and covered the driver with his gun.

"Up with 'em quick, Dan!" he shouted.

The driver made no attempt to reach for the two big revolvers that were in his holsters, but stopped the car and threw up his hands with a celerity that made Gilmore laugh.

"You talk big but act small, Dan," he said jeeringly. "I heard that you were going to show the sheriff how to run his job if ever you met me. Now stand still while I relieve you of your ironmongery. A fellow like you hasn't any use for two good guns."

He rode his horse up and took the driver's two revolvers.

Then for the first time he noticed there was a passenger in the car.

It was a girl, and she had not been visible over the top of the side dust screens. As Dick Gilmore looked at her she smiled.

"If I had been armed I could have drilled you, Mr. Meddler," she said.

"It would not have been fair fighting," laughed Dick. "Since I do not make war on women you have no cause to attack me."

"It is the duty of every citizen to capture or kill an outlaw," she said severely, but there was a twinkle in her eyes that belied the tone.

Gilmore rode his horse to the side of the car and removed his sombrero with a flourish.

"May I know your name, lady?" he asked.

"Sure, I'm not ashamed of it. I'm Gloria Canfield, and when my brother learns you've held me up, he'll take the law into his own hands."

"Even if he captured me this meeting would have been worth it," said Dick.

And he meant it. He had never seen a prettier girl than Gloria Canfield, and for the first time since he had left New York he forgot all about Dorothy Parkhurst. This disloyalty did not trouble him a bit. If ever there was a case of love at first sight he was the victim.

"Well, why don't you get on with your job, Mr. Meddler?" challenged the girl. "I don't know that you'll get much booty, but there's some prime cheese and bacon in the crate on the floor."

"If you know anything about me at all, you must know that I am not in this game for filthy lucre. As for cheese and bacon. How can you deprecate this romantic meeting by mentioning such mundane and smelly things?"

"You're the queerest bandit I ever met," said the girl. "Are you doing this for the pictures or what?"

"For love," replied Dick solemnly. "At least I was, and now I come to think of it I'm going to keep on doing it for love. But not the same love," he added hurriedly.

"I think you're mad," said Gloria.

"All lovers are mad. But since I have met you I've become sane and mad again. You must let me tell you all about it."

As he spoke he stooped down from the saddle and caught Gloria round the waist.

She gave a little scream as he lifted her and placed her on his saddle bow.

"Drive on, Dan," called out Gilmore. "This lady and I are going to have a little chat."

Seeing that he was in earnest, Gloria tried to break away, but he held her too tightly, and as he started his horse she ceased to struggle.

When he had galloped about a mile he reined in and placed her gently on the ground.

Gloria faced him with anger in her eyes, but he looked so comically contrite that she burst out laughing.

"You're crazy," she said. "Whatever made you do that?"

"Would you have had that lot of a driver listen while we talked of love?" he said reproachfully.

"I had not the slightest intention of talking of love."

"But I had. You asked me a question, and I want to answer it. It was love that drove me to this bandit business. I assure you that up to six months ago I was a perfectly respectable citizen. Much too perfect and much too respectable. I came to find Romance and I have found it."

"You must be crazy," said Gloria, not knowing what to make out of this strange bandit.

"You said that before, and I admitted it. Let me tell you the truth, Miss Canfield. I am a bandit for the sheer love of adventure. I hold-up but I do not rob."

"You'll find the State won't accept that plea when you're captured. But really, this doesn't interest me. What are you going to do with me? You've taken me a mile from the trail and I'm quite four miles from our ranch. Surely you don't intend to make me walk home?"

"I really ought to carry you off to my retreat," he answered. "That's what the bandits I read about as a boy always did. But I can't do that."

"I should like to see you try it," snapped Gloria. "You would never get me on that horse again."

"I could, but I should not attempt to try. I'm much too tender-hearted to do the cave-man stuff. Candidly, I think the cave man is a much over-rated hero. I am all for the robber of the Middle Ages. There was something romantic

about him, if you like. Your cave man has nothing but his strength to recommend him."

Love's Captive

"YOU'RE pretty good at the cave-man stuff, as you call it. When you lifted me out of the car, for instance."

"That was necessary if we were to have our chat in comfort."

"The wish for that was all on your side. I wanted to get home with the bacon and cheese."

Dick made a gesture of reproach.

"Do not let us refer to those articles of diet. The very mention of them takes the gilt edge of romance off this meeting. As for getting home, rest assured I shall see to that. You can ride my horse, and I will walk."

"I couldn't allow that. After all, you've been rather nice, and I wouldn't like to be the cause of the sheriff capturing you. If you care to give me a ride as far as the trail, I'll wait there till some vehicle comes along."

"Then may I suggest we ride back the way we came."

"Bashfulness is not one of your weak points, Mr. Meddler," said Gloria, smiling.

"But what would Red Gulch say of me if I were seen riding on your saddle-bow?"

"That I was a very lucky man," replied Dick promptly. "Allow me to assist you to your palfrey."

He cupped his hands to make a step, and, with a little laugh, Gloria put her foot in his hands and swung lightly into the saddle. Dick mounted and they rode off.

"Do you know," he said, "I regret being a bandit for the first time since I took up the profession."

"Why?"

Gilmore removed his sombrero with a flourish.

"May I know your name, lady?" he asked.

"Sure; I'm not ashamed of it. I'm Gloria Canfield, and when my brother learns you've held me up, he'll take the law into his own hands."



turning her eyes and looking him straight in the face. "Yes; but it is right that you should use the past tense. That lady's opinions concern me no more. So far as women are concerned, I am free."

"I'm not interested," said Gloria. "All the same, I think you were a bit of an idiot to risk your liberty just to show a woman you could be a bold bandit."

"True; but the funny part is that I have enjoyed the life. I was still enjoying it until I met you. Now I want to be respectable again, so that I can call on you."

"Do you talk like that to every girl you capture?" "You are my first captive, and it is I who am really the prisoner. But I glory in my captivity."

"You're really hopeless," said Gloria. "You must think I am a silly school kid to believe that kind of talk."

"It is the simple truth. But here we are at the cross-roads. Allow me."

Dick caught Gloria gently round the waist and lowered her to the ground.

"You certainly are strong," she said. "Now you had better ride off."

"I shall wait till some vehicle comes along," he said, swinging himself from the saddle. "By the way, Miss Canfield, I've just thought of an idea which might get me my pardon. You know there has been a lot of rustling going on here?"

"Yes, my brother has been one of the biggest sufferers."

"Well, if I captured those rustlers, don't you think the authorities might give me a pardon? I have never robbed anybody except of their weapons."

"They might, but you had better ride off now. See that cloud of dust on the rise? If I am not mistaken, that hides the sheriff and his posse, and probably my brother and his cowboys, all intent on your capture."

"I ride, fair Gloria," said Dick. "But bid me Godspeed as I bid the ladies to their knights in the brave old days."

"I'll wish you luck, and you'll need it unless you ride now. Good-bye."

As Dick mounted and rode off she called out after him one word.

"It was 'Godspeed!'"

Gloria was smiling when her brother and the sheriff's posse rode up.

"Thank heaven you're safe, Gloria," said Jeff Canfield. "But The Meddler will pay for this. He'll find that Judge Lynch isn't dead in Nevada."

"Don't be silly, Jeff," said Gloria. "The Meddler is not a ruffian, but a very romantic bandit. He treated me with the utmost deference, and I've had the thrill of my life. I hope the sheriff does not catch him."

Jeff Canfield looked hard at his sister.

"Humph!" he muttered, and turned to the sheriff.

"Guess he went north. If you'll let me have that Ford I'll drive Gloria to the ranch. My boys will join your posse. It's time this Meddler was caught."

"I mean to hang on his trail till I get him this time," said the sheriff.

As she rode home with her brother, Gloria found herself almost praying that the sheriff would not catch The Meddler. She kept telling herself that this wish was only natural because the bandit had treated her so chivalrously, but deep down in her heart she knew there was another reason. The mystery of the man fascinated her.

It was with great relief, therefore, that she learned on the following day that The Meddler had escaped the posse. They had tracked him to Mother Hogan's cabin, but he had escaped by a race.

A Succession of Thrills

THREE days later, while Jeff Canfield was reading a newspaper in the sitting-room of his ranch, the door opened quietly and The Meddler appeared.

The rancher knew him at once from the description his sister had given of the bandit.

"You've got a sauce to come here," he said, half-rising from his chair.

"Sit down, I want to talk to you, Canfield," said Dick. "You know Bud Meyer?"

"What if I do?" growled the rancher.

"Only this. He and his gang are coming over here this afternoon and are going to raid your place. They plan to carry off Miss Canfield and steal your cattle."

"That's more in your line, Meddler," said Canfield. "Bud Meyer is not a rustler."

"So everybody thinks, but I know he is because I heard him planning this raid with two of his men. I've come to warn you."

"And you'll be sorry you came," shouted Canfield, showing the muzzle of his revolver through the newspaper. "Don't move, Meddler. I've got you covered."

But even as he spoke Dick leapt at him and knocked the revolver flying.

There was a short struggle, and Dick got Canfield down.

But as he was about to pick up the revolver there came a warning from the door.

"Don't touch that or I'll shoot."

It was Gloria.

"A nice lot of fairy tales you told me the other day," she said scornfully. "I suppose you came to rob the house."

"You're wrong," said Dick. "I came to warn your brother that Bud Meyer had planned that, and he also means to abduct you."

"Don't believe a word of it, Gloria," said her brother. "Keep him covered while I get my gun."

But as Canfield bent down to pick up his revolver, Jeeves appeared in the doorway with two guns and covered him and Gloria.

"It's the truth you've been told," said Jeeves. "Meyer and his bunch are within a mile of the ranch now."

"And we've got to save you, whether you like it or not," said Dick. "March Miss Canfield in the coach-house, partner, and lock her in. I'll look after Canfield."

But when Canfield saw Bud Meyer and his men riding for the ranch he decided that The Meddler was telling the truth.

"We'll spring the surprise on them," he said. "We'll hide here and rush them as they enter. There's only four, and Meyer is sure to leave one outside on watch."

When Meyer and two of his men came in the ranch they were attacked by Dick, Jeeves, and Canfield. In the fight Meyer made his escape, but Dick and Canfield got the other two, and made them prisoners.

But when they went to the coach-house to release Gloria they saw her riding away, pursued by Meyer. Dick jumped on his horse and galloped after them.

He was rapidly gaining on them when Gloria's horse fell and threw her.

Meyer, who saw he was being pursued, rode past Gloria, being now solely concerned in making his escape.

As Dick slowed up Gloria rose from the ground and waved her hand.

"I'm all right," she called out. "Go after Meyer." Dick rode on, and Gloria followed on foot. In another quarter of a mile Dick came up with Meyer as he was crossing a stream, and brought him out of the saddle, though he fell with him in the water.

A terrible fight followed, which ended at last in Dick's favour.

He dragged the rustler out of the water, disarmed him, and set him on his feet.

"Walk!" he ordered. "I reckon the sheriff will be pleased to see you."

Dick helped Gloria into the saddle, and he led the horse. In this manner the three reached the ranch.

There Dick learned that the two men they had captured had made a full confession of the cattle stealing they had carried out under the leadership of Meyer. When the sheriff arrived and heard this it did not take Canfield long to persuade him to forget all about The Meddler.

"What he did was just for fun," said Canfield, who had been well primed by Gloria. "But he's ended the cattle rustling and the credit will be all yours."

"So long as he don't get running around and meddling with the bandit game I guess I can forget the past," said the sheriff.

"You can bet your boots he's through with that game," said Canfield. "He's a captive himself now. Look!"

The sheriff turned and saw The Meddler walking with Gloria, and as he watched them they stopped, and The Meddler caught Gloria's hands.

"I guess he's asking the old, old question," chuckled the sheriff.

"And he's got the answer he wished," remarked Canfield, as he saw The Meddler clasp Gloria in his arms.

Adapted by permission of the European Film Company, from incidents in the Universal photo-play featuring William Desmond as Dick.

Two Delightful "MABS" FREE PATTERNS

MABS "Different-at-Every-Dance-Frock" in To-day's HOME CHAT

The better half of the joy of a dance is being able to say, "What Frock Shall I Wear?" HOME CHAT (now on sale) is GIVING AWAY that delicious feeling with a FREE PATTERN this week. The pattern has been specially designed by MABS, and from it you can make at least seven different frocks. Next week's HOME CHAT will contain another Mabs Pattern from which you can easily make the Begonia's COAT FROCK. Make sure of them both by giving a regular order for

HOME CHAT

Now On Sale. 2d. Buy a Copy TO-DAY!



FROM THE BACK ROW

COMMENTS ON CINEMATIC THINGS IN GENERAL

Doctor Cinema

THE racking headache which is my unwelcome guest as I sit tapping out these words on my typewriter makes me wish I could put all thought of work behind me and hie me to the nearest picture theatre. A funny wish, you will say, for someone with a bad head; but, believe me, not so foolish as it sounds. On several occasions when I have had a miserable headache, and my nerves have felt like going all to pieces, I have paid a visit to the movies with beneficial results. It's just marvellous what the mere fact of having something different to look at and to take one "out of oneself" will do. Just you try it next time you feel as blue as I do at the moment!

Fragmenary

Announcement on banner outside cinema:

"A LOST LADY"
In Six Parts.

Apparently not so much lost as scattered.

A Walking Ban!

HAVE you noticed how prone the screen heroine is to use the neck of her blouse or gown as a species of ban? Grandfather's long-lost will, the plans of the mine, an incriminating letter—all or any of these may at any moment be produced from this intimate hiding place. I can no more imagine the modern girl going about with documents of this kind thus concealed on her person than I can imagine her in a bustle, yet even the most up-to-date movie heroine still adheres to a custom popular enough in old film days, but one which the picturegoer of to-day might reasonably assume to be dead. I wonder why? And, anyway, what a silly thing to do—at any time!

Don't You Hate the Loller?

IT is always a mystery to me why some people who behave like ordinary civilised human beings inside a theatre promptly forget all their good manners the moment they enter a cinema. This striking and highly original observation is wrong from me by the remembrance of the behaviour of a young man who was my neighbour at a recent film performance. Though in all probability he had paid for but one seat, he sat, or rather lolled, on two, his attitude bringing his muddy boot into unpleasant proximity with my nice clean skirt. Naturally, I summoned from my armoury the most deadly looks of which I am capable, but not until I requested him in so many words to put his feet on the place provided for them, did he see fit to alter his position. Of all cinema pests, I do think the loller is one of the worst.

A Little More Light, Please

IF one arrives at a cinema when the performance is in progress, the attendant is usually careful to light one safely down any steps, but I do wish that some of these young damsels, having escorted a patron to his particular row, would not abandon him there, but show him right into his seat. To have the electric torch suddenly switched off just at the moment when one has to battle by a lot of legs, to say nothing of various articles in people's laps, is to have the darkness and the discomfort of everyone concerned made more acute. Also, there is always the danger of alighting upon someone's hat, since managements steadfastly refuse to provide some sort of accommodation for the headgear of their patrons, and an empty seat is always a temptation in this respect. So, a little more light, young torch-bearer, if you please!

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

THE EXPRESSIONS OF VINCENT COLEMAN



Accusing.

THE ACTOR WITH THE USEFUL HOBBY

How Vincent Coleman, Stage and Screen Actor, Spends the Time During the
:: Waits Between His Work ::



His profile.

IN private life Vincent Coleman does not look a bit like an actor, and so many people think that probably he followed another profession before he took up his present one; but as a matter of fact, Mr. Coleman has been an actor all his life, or at any rate since he was ten years old.

He confesses that he used to run away from school and go round to various theatres to see if there were any boy parts which he might fill. He was nearly always lucky enough to find something which would give him a chance to walk on the stage; but it was when he was twelve years old that he obtained his first real engagement. This was with a well-known stock company with which he remained for two seasons; after that he played continuously with various companies until six years ago, when he first tried film work. Since then he has divided his time between the stage and screen.

He Does not Know Which He Prefers

VINCENT COLEMAN, when asked the question that every actor who works both for the stage and screen is asked at some time or another, that is, which he really prefers, says that he does not know.

"I've made a lot of pictures," he says, "but I've done ten times as much work on the stage, and yet, somehow, I'm not really sure yet in which field I will find the greatest opportunities. My 'great opportunity' naturally must be in the work which will make me most happy. But I can't tell now which that is.

"Sometimes—not so very long ago, for instance, when I was working with Constance Binney—I felt that the screen would eventually be my choice. Playing with so sweet a girl as 'Connie' in such congenial surroundings as exists at the studio where we were working would make anyone want to stick to pictures.

"But it was not long before I changed again. I had just completed another picture when I was sent for to read the script of a stage play. The play appealed to me immensely, and after I had read it right through I was again sure that



VINCENT COLEMAN.

the stage was the only place for me. I couldn't take the part just then, because picture contracts interfered—and soon I was just as strong for pictures as ever!"

He Takes His Work Seriously

IT may seem from these remarks of Mr. Coleman's that he is continuing in his work without any definite aim or ambition, but this is far from true. He has been working conscientiously at the "acting business" for years, in fact, he took his work very seriously even at the age of ten, when he ran away from school to get a chance to walk on the stage.

He devotes a good deal of his spare time to the study of the theatre, for, as he puts it, "there is nothing in the theatre, however good or bad, that doesn't offer innumerable suggestions to me for my own work."

His Useful Hobbies

VINCENT COLEMAN cannot bear to be idle during the waits which occur at a film studio, or during the time he has to wait in his dressing-room at a theatre, and he fills up the time with his very useful hobbies, which mostly consist in altering old or ordinary things into something worth while.

One day at the theatre when he was changing after the first act he espied an old blue coat, part of a discarded costume. Two days later this old coat had been transformed into a lovely lampshade for his dressing-room—the frame consisted of split bamboo that he had cut from an old broom handle which he found knocking about behind the stage.

He does not leave his hobbies behind him at the studio or the theatre; at home he is constantly digging up some discarded article which represents to him, though it couldn't to anyone else, a potential card table, book-rack, or something else. In his home there is the most comfortable piece of furniture imaginable—a great, almost square couch, and Vincent will confide to you that it was just a cheap iron bedstead with the posts sawn off!

If you want to write to him address your letter:

VINCENT COLEMAN,
c/o "Picture Show,"
Suite 523, Taft Building,
Hollywood,
California.



Incredulous.



Pleased.



"Oh, my poor head!"



A penetrating gaze.



Debonair.



T. C. ELDER, who gave "Picture Show" readers a big chance.

T. C. Elder and the "Picture Show" Star
HERE is wonderful news about the photographs sent in by those readers who took "a sporting chance," and sent in their photographs to PICTURE SHOW.

Mr. T. C. Elder, Managing-Director of the Stoll Picture Productions, Ltd., tells me that Miss Sybil Rhoda, the Devonshire girl who took part in the test, is now playing in one of the new Stoll productions, and here are the names of the girls who were offered a "test" as a result of the chance given on this page: Misses Clare O'Shaughnessy, Lillian Ash, Gwendie Harrison, E. Tuinsh, Molly Weeks, E. M. Richards, Roma Louise Rothwell, Phyllis Brettell, Violet Mather, Mary Eileen Buckland, Phyllis Gerton, Sybil Rhoda, Nancy Baird.

Miss Rhoda's photograph is published on our cover this week and photographs of the other girls will be published in a later issue.

The Story of Sybil Rhoda

SYBIL RHODA, who is a Plymouth girl, was educated at The Convent of Notre Dame, Plymouth.

From the time she was quite a little girl she has done a lot of amateur theatrical work, but the great wish of her life has always been to go on the pictures and become a film star.

Her parents, however, would not hear of her doing this, but constant dropping of water wears away the stone, and so persistent was she that at last they allowed her to come to London and try her luck.

Miss Rhoda much to her disappointment found that she was unable to obtain any picture work, and so she made up her mind to go on the stage and wait her opportunity to prove her worth on the screen.

She first went on tour in "The Merry Widow" and "Gipsy Love" companies, and then into Grossmith and Malone's company of "The Cabaret Girl," and after playing in the chorus of this company on two tours, she was given the part of "Lily de Jigger."

Miss Rhoda then took a long vacation, and during this time, still with the one great desire for picture work, she entered two beauty competitions, when she won the local prize at Plymouth and the second prize for the Beauty of the West.

She then returned to London and entered the chorus of "Rose Marie" at the Drury Lane Theatre. Being a constant reader of the PICTURE SHOW, the paragraph asking for a beautiful girl of seventeen caught her eye, and on the advice of someone she made up her mind to try her luck, and sent in her photograph. This with 14 others was chosen from among about five thousand applicants. Much to her delight she was asked to attend with the other fourteen at Stoll Studios where the test was

Round the British Studios

made, and she is to-day one of the happiest girls in England, for as a result of the test she has been chosen to play a part in Stoll's latest big picture—the part of Melody in "Sahara Love."

H. E. Hayward Productions

PAULINE JOHNSON, the beautiful golden-haired British star, has been playing in a series of six two-reel farces, which are being put out under the name of "The Royalty Film Farces," directed by Harcourt Templeman. These farces are taken out doors, I hear from Mr. Hayward, at country estates, at Henley-on-Thames from house-boats, and at other riverside resorts, the idea being that whilst we cannot successfully compete with American Studios because of their equipment, we can beat America out doors, because of our beautiful scenery, and the locations have been selected with great care. Number one and number two have had a Press Show, and number three has just been filmed. Number four will be done by the sea on the South Coast. "We are also producing a series of six British one-reel scenic films," Mr. H. E. Hayward tells me. "The first three are entitled 'The Beauty Spots of Scotland,' two of which have had a Press Show, the third is completed, and we are following up with the Norfolk Broads, Westmorland, and the Lake District, and North Wales. This series will probably be extended to embrace Ireland."

"Having our own Renting Organisation, which handles 'The Famous Music Masters' series, 'The Lost Chord,' 'Dutch Custom' series, etc., which are booked by all the leading theatres throughout the country, it enables us as a young producing organisation to work for a market which is practically assured. Everything we control has received very high markings, and we look forward to the future with every confidence, as we feel that by commencing in a small way we can build up an organisation and make steady progress on behalf of the British Film Industry."

"Being the owner of the New Royalty Kinema, Brixton, I have always made a point of showing every British film available, and have the name in the industry of the "Champion" of British films, and it is to assist in building up the industry that we have formed the producing department to further the good work."

Two Fine Stars

THERE are no finer stars in their way than Henry Victor and Edward O'Neill. Both men of determination, both masters not

only of the technique of their craft, but also of their emotions. In tense situations, as the one depicted on this page from "The Duke's Secret," where Edward O'Neill plays the Duke of Bridport, each man is seen very much on his mettle—and Henry Victor, passionate, determined, is crying out, "I hope you are content now that your snobbishness has cost two people their unhappiness." Edward O'Neill is strictly the intellectual type of man. He has fine features, and very bright brown eyes. In private life he is just as delightful as he is on the screen.

Sydney Seaward

MAJOR SNAZLE, the artful villain in Walter West's great racing picture, "Trainer-Temptress," is the distinguished actor, who has been playing for months and months in "It Pays to Advertise"—Sydney Seaward, the hero of many fine films. His type is rather that of the strong silent man persuasion. He is tall, handsome, and has a quiet deliberate manner—I think you will agree that he is another very likeable "villain"—but he can play other parts, too, especially the type who stands aside so that true love may come to the one being whom he adores. He was at one time considered a perfect Ethel M. Dell hero—and for that reason it was in screen adaptations of her books that he played so successfully.

Juliette Compton

TALL, dark, vivacious, and with a bright and independent outlook on life, Juliette Compton has a delightful personality. When I met her in the Alliance Studios, she was wearing just the cutest little frock that I have ever seen. It was very short—and here I hope I may be pardoned for saying that Juliette Compton has beautiful legs. Her frock was blue and it was trimmed with gold leather.

Juliette Compton's features are delicate and refined, her hair black and shingled, and she wore a "chic" little black felt hat with a "snappy" little feather at the side. You see, she's a vamp, the villageess in the Walter West racing picture. Juliette has a dear little dog, a Japanese spaniel, who adoringly follows his mistress from pillar to post, and yet he has the brains to know that he is to be "one of the audience" when his mistress faces the camera.

EDITH NEPEAN.



HENRY VICTOR and EDWARD O'NEILL as they appear in "The Duke's Secret."

YOU CAN BEGIN OUR FASCINATING NEW SERIAL STORY TO-DAY

The GIRL from HOLLYWOOD

By SCOTT LEADER



Read This First

JENNY DAWES is looking round the shops in the West End at a girl who is being watched. The woman in the dress is the woman who Jenny directs her back into Oxford Street, she gets into a smart little two-seater in which a young man is waiting for her.

Jenny hurries to fulfil a tea engagement with a friend of hers, Fred Rivers, who is a newspaper man. During the course of conversation, he mentions Dorna Drewe, a famous film star who is over in England on a visit and who is to be seen at the cinema.

Fred points out a man sitting in the hall and tells Jenny that he is Hiddlestone, who is just two days out of prison, after serving a sentence for manslaughter. Presently a woman joins him, and Fred passes on the information that it is Mrs. Hiddlestone. With a start, Jenny realises that it is the woman in the dress.

The next day Jenny again sees Dorna Drewe, but there is a great change in her. Whereas the day before she had been the essence of smartness, she is now quite ordinary. She is seen to be in a state of distress, and Jenny goes to her aid. She enters an important hotel near Russell Square, Jenny goes in and asks for a room. As she goes to sign the register, she looks at Dorna Drewe and sees Mrs. Edith Hiddlestone.

Jenny is given a room, and at that of the film star, and presently she hears a man's voice threatening Dorna Drewe. When he comes out of the room, Jenny catches a glimpse of him: it is ex-convict Hiddlestone. Later on, when she calls at the "Gazette" office to see Fred Rivers, she meets the owner of the two-seater whom she had seen with Dorna Drewe in Oxford Street. He speaks to her, and asks her if she would care to be a kind of understudy for Mrs. Drewe. His name is Clifford Rancham, and he is vice-president of the London Film Corporation.

Everything is fixed up, and the next day they leave for the Continent, where scenes for a new film are to be made, and everywhere Jenny is accepted as Dorna Drewe.

Then Dorna turns up and she tells Jenny her story. It was some time after she had told Hiddlestone that she discovered his true character. When he went to prison she found some papers that incriminated not only him but also the very man who had helped her to escape. She had to protect him for the sake of her son Ronnie. When he came out of prison she offered to destroy the evidence she had if he would break away from the gang and go out of the country. He only said "Dorna, let me go on with the film and I will be given a part in it; but just before her big scene Jenny is abducted by some men in a car.

(Now read on.)

At the Journey's End

THE big car had been travelling at high speed for several minutes, and Jenny was preparing another violent protest when her

... allowed her to sit up and throw off the coat that enveloped her head and shoulders. The deal had left her hot and dishevelled and half-suffocated, and she sat for a moment gathering her breath and staring, first at the unfamiliar country flashing past, then at the men who faced her.

As she already knew, they were her pot ... suit from London and his henchman, the enormously fat German. The man at the wheel she saw at a glance to be the ... of the ... who had ... at the ... in ... But it had to be done.

... titled the big Teuton. "It I had to be rough, my dame, I to you ... Jenny was not afraid, just terribly dismayed. The ... was the last word in ... It was a car built for long ... Its high-powered ... of roars at a pace ... else ... could hope to keep up with ... up a wild hope that her abduction had been ... she had been trapped so neatly that ...

She had been waiting to take part in the big ... was ... in ... to fame on the screen. That seemed over now, and Jenny's eyes flashed something of her chagrin. But other thoughts came tumbling in.

It might easily have been Dorna Drewe whom these ruffians had taken off. It was Dorna they wanted, and Jenny had no doubt that she had been ...

"If this is an advertising stunt, I've had enough of it," said Jenny, recognising the fallacy of escape.

... "blue-suit, 'sorry!'"

"There is nothing of the joke in it," added the German.

"No, there's precious little joke in it," Jenny retorted. "It will mean prison for the pair of you—not that that will be a new experience."

Blue-suit blinked his little eyes, as if at another time he could have treated this as a joke; otherwise the pair were immobile and solemn.

"How much farther are you taking me?" Jenny went on, anxiety beginning to take the place of disgust.

Better make yourself comfortable, miss," answered blue-suit. "It's a longish way. I can't tell just where we're bound for, but I'll take us till pretty near midnight."

Y ... had better make the preparation," nodded the mountainous Teuton.

Jenny stared.

"But it's impossible! I can't in this!"

Startled, she looked down on her peasant's ... on the ... wadded stockings ... For the moment, mysteries weren't ... to ... down some ... ten hours' journey from one's own clothes was stretching ...

"Sorry, miss, but it had to be done," said blue-suit.

He was still watchful, but he dropped a little of his sterner respectfulness, and leaned back more at his ease on the thickly padded seat.

"Make up had better take it what you say?"

... apparently content to take his cues from Jenny's own countryman.

Jenny felt hump.

"What is the idea?" she demanded, and,

angry and dismayed, she dared a question: "Where is Mr. Hiddlestone?"

Instantly, two pairs of ears pricked up. They stared at her, and blue-suit was inclined to scowl.

"That's not for us to say. You'd better wait, miss. Our instruction is to get you—where you're wanted. When that's done, we're finished. Understand? I dare say you'll see the man you want soon enough."

"I hope so," said Jenny, quite viciously. She was sorry she hadn't asked outright: "Where is my husband?" It was apparent that her captors were giving nothing away, and whether or not they believed her to be Dorna Drewe it was impossible to decide.

The big car thrummed steadily through the ... afternoon. From the ... of the ... Jenny concluded that they were ... westerly direction. They came past peaceful inland ... the beautiful lake country Jenny had heard about: majestic woods, valleys bathed in mystic twilight. Always on and on, with only the rhythmic puff of the engine exhaust to be heard.

... of something went ... friend, two, were hardly ... travelling ... By ... Jenny was tempted to keep them both awake, and once she examined the plate glass of the window in the forlorn hope of breaking it and attracting attention. But the glass was formidable, and she had no weapon but her bare fist. She gave up this hope eventually, and slept.

... she woke to see ... they were passing through the outskirts of a large-sized town. From the quiet and the darkness, she saw that it was late. The blind had been drawn ... when she raised it, neither of her captors objected. They were both wide awake.

"If you don't mind, miss, no monkey tricks and the voice of blue-suit."

And looking over at him in the half-shade of the tonneau, Jenny saw that he held a glittering little object in his hand. A revolver! It was pointed at her, but just waking up and still very drowsy, Jenny had no terrors.

"Is it as serious as that?" she asked, faintly amused. "I hope it doesn't go off!"

"Tish!" Blue-suit was apparently unused to this sort of prisoner, and, in case Jenny should confound him more by asking to see the toy, he put it away in his pocket with a scowl.

"Ah, yes, madame, it is the big matter," ... the German, with a solemn wag of the head.

"Aren't we about there?" Jenny asked conversationally.

The German gazed profoundly on blue-suit. "No, not by a long chalk," growled out the latter. "Ask in another four or five hours."

"You are the rudest man I ever met!" Jenny flung at him; and drowsed again.

And till they went on and on the ... the engine a never-ending lullaby. Jenny had seen that they were right through the town and into the country once more. It was getting a little chilly too. She found a warm rug ... the seat beside her, and wrapped it about her knees. And she thought, or dreamed, of Dorna Drewe, and her part with Raymond Vennart, and ... not to be found, and Marie and her own mother and Fred Rivers, and everything that had

(Continued on page 24.)

Beautiful ALICE
TERRY and BABY
BRUCE GUERIN
as they appear in
"Confessions of a
Queen."



GEORGIE HALE and BRUCE
GUERIN in "The Salvation
Hunters." This little four-
year-old is already a full-
fledged star, and is one of the
most popular children in
screenland.



NORMA TALMADGE'S work in "The Lady," when she left her baby for his
own good, moved even hard-boiled critics to tears.

Other Peoples'

A Baby is a "Sure-fire" Method of Evoking Sympathy

TRUTH was ever stranger than fiction.

The best mothers and fathers on the screen are those who are not mothers and fathers in real life.

Without casting aspersions on all the clever screen stars who play at "mothers and fathers" in celluloid, and then go home to their own children, the foregoing statement is a true one.

Has Vera Gordon, with all her art and experience, drawn from those in front of the screen as many tears as Lilian Gish, who has never as yet held her very own baby in her arms?

Can lovely Claire Windsor, who has a delightful little son, or Gloria Swanson, who possesses a second edition of her charming self, boast of having wrung as many hearts as little Mary Pickford when she has a baby to act with?

Mary has never had a baby; some say she never will have one; yet could anything be more natural or lovely than when she appears with her screen infant in "Toss of the Storm Country," or with the little orphan child who died in "Daddy Long Legs"?

Thomas Meighan, the Movie Encyclopedia tell us, has no children; but he is one of the best daddies in screenland. He has a way with him that makes children of all ages love him instinctively. The studio hands will corroborate this. Wherever Tom goes, on and off the "set", he is followed by a little army of kiddies. Some of them are little actors and actresses, but most of them are just kids belonging to the stars or the dressers or even the extra ladies and gentlemen.

Tom has plenty of pockets, and an unfailing supply of candies, also an unfailing supply of jokes and stories. Is it any wonder the studio kiddies adore him? He counts his screen children in hundreds, but, alas, what? What are we going to do when Tom retires from the screen as he threatens, unless he sees old Tom about sending along a small Tom to carry on the big Tom's good work?

It must be rather a sad experience for these stars, playing scenes day after day with the prettiest babies and children imaginable and then having to hand them back to their own parents when the film is finished.

However, they seem to bear up under it very well.

Favourite Screen Parents

PRISCILLA DEAN had a husband, Priscilla Dean Moran, named for her. She is the child of L. A. Moran, a movie theatre owner in Garber, Oklahoma. He brought her to the screen to see her play as worst Priscilla Dean.



WHEELER OAKMAN, Priscilla Dean's husband, gives a lesson in carpentry in "Outside the Law"



Children

Why in Screenland as in Everyday Life

was filming "Under Two Flags." It was a risky thing to do, and one was at all surprised when the little girl wanted to go on the screen. She will be a movie star herself one day. She has already appeared in several pictures.

Priscilla herself is lovely to watch with kiddies, and one who has seen "Drifting" will agree. So is her little brother, who is a man. So is May McAvoy; and so are Alice Terry and Bessie Barris, and Norma Talmadge.

Norma's work in "The Lady", when she left her baby for his own good, moved even hard-boiled critics to tears.

And no one who saw Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid" will ever forget that close up of him when his little companion was literally torn out of his arms. Charlie has a son of his own now, but when these scenes were taken this was not the case.

Ma Murray, that flippant little butterfly of the silver sheet, knows the way to the heart of every small boy she meets off the screen, just as surely as she does to the heart of every big boy she meets on (and off) it.

Betty Blythe, too, adores children. She learned "Yiddish" specially to be able to tell stories to some of the Jewish kiddies who appear with her in her new film, "Jacob's Well." This was not so difficult for her as it would be for you, for Betty has a real gift for languages. Not to speak of a real gift for telling funny stories.

Lillian Gish was made famous in a single day by her lovely and moving portrayal of "The Mother," reeking the trials of the Ages in Griffith's "Intolerance."

Then she gave us "Way Down East" and her greatest

(Continued at foot of next column)



PRISCILLA DEAN and her gold-digger, PRISCILLA DEAN MOKAN. Little Priscilla, whose greatest ambition is to be a movie star, has already appeared in several pictures.

THOMAS MEIGHAN has no children, but he is one of the best daddies in screenland, and has a way with him that makes children of all ages love him instinctively.

This Week's Films

A Brief Criticism of the New Releases

"The Happy Ending" (Gaumont)

NO one need worry over the future of the British film industry if many more films of this calibre make their appearance. Government subsidies and charitable financial backing will alike be unnecessary.

"The Happy Ending" is a really good picture—good in every sense of the word. It is streets ahead of any other British effort to date so far as technique is concerned, more than that, it is entertaining enough to hold its own as a moneymaking proposition. And films, when we come to rock bottom facts concerning them, must be money making first and foremost, however hard it may seem to acknowledge it, however bitterly the anoch amongst us ignore or revile the sordid "commercial" basis upon which all things are inevitably based.

The theme of Ian Hay's play from which the picture was adapted is a particularly beautiful one. Jack Buchanan is the outstanding figure so far as acting is concerned. His portrayal of the charming, unscrupulous husband is a thoroughly satisfying piece of work which Menjou himself could not have bettered.

Ray Compton is ideally cast as the mother, playing with charm and a sweet placidity many real life mothers would do well to emulate.

Jack Hobbs, Donald Searle, Eric Lewis, Joan Barry, and Gladys Jennings complete the cast.

"Forty Winks" (F. L.)

CAPITAL comedy stuff this, sparkling, breezy, and as full of charm as the stage play from which it was adapted. Viola Dana has the lead, and, as usual, puts up a thoroughly sound performance. Eleanor Butterworth, as she portrays her, is a very captivating little person indeed, and we feel duly pleased when her handsome British lover (Raymond A. Mith) succeeds in outwitting the bad lawyer who has had him "framed" for stealing valuable papers, to earn the conventional reward.

Anna May Wong (who will be remembered for her work in "The Thief of Bagdad") heads the supporting cast as a vamp—an extraordinarily effective one, too.

"The Girl of the Limerlost" (F. B. O.)

THOSE who read and liked "The Girl of the Limerlost" will have no faults to find with its film version. Mrs. Porter's narrative is followed faithfully, the acting is good, and the mounting splendid.

Those who have not read it or are inclined to be critical may find the trivial misunderstanding and love affairs of four people who are apparently imbued with a desire to create much ado about nothing a trifle pointless.

"The Girl." Other leading parts are taken by Cullen Landis, Raymond Mc Kee, Gertrude Olmstead, and Emily Fitzroy.

"Learning to Love" (A. F. N.)

THE story, which is of the frankly frivolous type, concerns a sophisticated and naughty Supper. Heart troubles follow her wherever she goes, and after bungling affairs with no fewer than three youthful admirers she gets into a bit of a scrape. Her guardian, Seth Warner, helps her out, whereupon she shamelessly adds him to her already long list of conquests. Unfortunately for her, Seth is one of the "strong silent" breed, and he marries her to teach her a lesson.

Antonio Moreno, as Seth, obviously enjoys playing the part of tutor to the adorable Constance Talmadge, and two delightful studies of vinegary old spinners come from Emily Fitzroy and Edythe Chapin.

"The Dancers" (Fox)

AS far as technical qualities are concerned, "The Dancers" leaves little to be desired. The plot—which has been altered slightly for the purposes of screen adaptation—is not strong, but it has been cleverly unfolded, and those incidents which might, under less skilful treatment, very easily have left an unpleasant taste in the mouth, are most delicately treated. Characterisation is sound save in the case of Madge Bellamy, who plays the part of Una. She is scarcely strong enough to get over the one big scene allotted her, and falls a little flat as a result.

George O'Brien, Alma Rubens, and Freeman Wood are the other artistes featured.

"Lady of the Night" (J. M. G.)

THOUGH chiefly remarkable for the fine performance of Norma Shearer in a dual rôle, this picture has much to recommend it from the story value point of view, and its reception is pretty well assured.

George K. Arthur—better known perhaps as "Kipps"—has a really pleasing part in the supporting cast. Malcolm McGregor is the hero.

JESSE C. COOPER

performer; again it was in the scenes with the baby that Lillian excelled herself.

Dorothy Gish, too, in "Reinola" is at her best in the scenes with the infant son of the "wild" "Tito." She and Lillian have many poignant moments in which the baby is the principal factor.

His Pet Grievance

THE exception which proves the rule is, in this case, Malcolm Tod. Malcolm, off the screen is a prime favourite with children. The boys follow him around in the hope of hearing him play his saxophone or Swanee whistle. Or he might even be persuaded to tell them what it feels like to be chased by German aeroplanes when the guns of one's own plane are temporarily out of action.

The girls like him because—well, take a look at him yourself.

But there was no unhappier actor in England than Malcolm Tod whilst "A Dancer's Baby" was being screened. According to Tod, that baby did everything a baby can possibly do to exasperate a man who wasn't its father. It is his pet grievance, and though he is not a talkative fellow, he will hold forth for hours upon the sorrows of a screen parent.

Of course, every producer knows that a baby is what our American cousins call a "sure-fire attraction" in a film. It is pretty much the same in private life. But it would be interesting to try and find out whether the other rule applies, too. If so what a chance for War and other orphans.

JOSIE P. LEDERER



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(May 25, 1925.)

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Result of Our "Opinions on Pictures" Competition No. 8.

What we want in Pictures!

DO YOU LIKE EDUCATIONAL FILMS?

A Reader Breaks into Poetry

YOUR Nature Studies here
 Sure, Felix beats 'em hollow
 Excursions, accepted
 Reluctantly I say
 I'd like to know - Where Sponges grow,
 Or How they dye Mosses
 Though science shows I rarely dare
 And dream of Adventure - W. Parnell 11
 St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. S. W. I.

Travelling Made Easy

I AM a strong advocate of educational films, especially those of travel. Hundreds of people who would otherwise never see outside their native land, are on their way to films to travel as far as Spain, Holland and even Hawaii. For a small sum, picture-goers can witness the quaint scenery and picturesque costumes of any country under the sun.

The average which shows nothing but a picture of the two cities as they are being. The travel picture showing unusual customs and places of historical interest all over the world is the best going. A. F. Alexander, Vice President, Duke's Road, Central, Calicut.

They Do Not All Go To Hold Hands!

MOST cinema managers seem to share the opinion that the cinema who serves the public is always the best. The public is always young people who are not interested in

seek the same for a drop, and when the mere suggestion of anything adverse to his place from the players. So I went to see such places as *Excelsior*, *Salazar*, *The Voice of the Queen*, or *Livingstone*. I must pay fancy prices in the West End. Yet when our local cinema risked "The Great White Silence," the queues were a sight to gladden the heart of *Raynes*, 41, Melton Road, Clapton (C.).

Lazy Minds

YES. I hope the criticism is not unfairly harsh, but I cannot help thinking that the objection to educational films is the victim of a lazy mind! It is the duty of every one in these days to profit by the advantage progress brings, and the educational value of the pictures is one that should be appreciated and supported. Our cinema proprietors are wise enough to understand this, and the general public are interested in it enough to warrant investment in the latest of minds. And for this reason, if the audience I am sure these films attract will be as well as an interesting one.

Geoff M'C. Macrae, Staff, Town Hall, Camberwell S.E. 5.

Nothing Too Technical

THE immense popularity of the position held by moving pictures in modern education is a fact now universally acknowledged, but as the main object of the motion picture is to be amused, it behooves the wise producer to gild the educative pill. A series of films should therefore not be a series of unrelated views, but should also possess a story interest, however slender.

The asterisk indicates that the name is an important factor. The name will retain an entry from a table where there is a laugh attached.

The pieces of scientists' inventions and famous masterpieces of manufacture, etc. completely should be put far above all. Nothing pines for it, but above the grasp of the people, it should be shown. Miss D. C. St. H. Dayton Gardens, South Kensington S.W. 10.

[Prizes of One Guinea each have been awarded to the senders of the above "Opinions"]



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Miss L. Underwood.

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Iron Jelloids

THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 11)

been happening within the last exciting week or two, all in a hopeless blue that got everything mixed up in the weirdest way imaginable.

Then another halt.

Jenny stirred this time to ravenous feelings of hunger. She had eaten nothing since lunch-time, she recalled. In a moment, she saw what she imagined must have prompted this feeling or at least intensified it.

The electric globe was lighted overhead. The car had been drawn up on some lonely roadside. It was very dark, but Jenny could make out that her side of the car lay alongside a high stone wall, making any attempt at escape that way temporarily impossible.

The big German was out on the road puffing at a meerschaum pipe as large as his head. Blue-suit was half in the car, half out of it, busy with the contents of a hamper, while the young French chauffeur stood by looking interestedly in on Jenny.

Aromatic odours of meats and pastry rose from the hamper. Jenny saw blue-suit take out various things wrapped carefully in tissue paper—a chicken, cold pie, a large smoked sausage (which the man with the meerschaum eyed with approval), tinned meats, a crusty loaf, an assortment of fruits and bottles of wine—all that a respectable hotel larder could boast, and something over.

"I expect you could do with a bite of food, miss?" said blue-suit looking up.

"Perhaps I could," said Jenny, stiff and cold, and wondering if the journey were never going to end. "Thanks, but I prefer to wait till I've given you in charge."

"As you like," said blue-suit.

The trio squatted on the running board or stood about while they ate and drank.

Jenny watched the inroads made on the chicken, on the cold pie, even on the big German's sausage. Her mouth watered.

All of a sudden, she was up and ready to leap down on the depredators. They were startled. They sprang to face her to a man. Blue-suit, his mouth full, searched frantically for his pistol.

"S no use, miss."

"Please," appended Jenny, "have you finished that chicken?"

They were all quite amiable after that. Jenny felt much better—she had had no idea German sausage could taste so good—and as soon as the car had restarted, she shut her eyes tight and slept again, thoroughly ashamed.

When she next sat up—it seemed long ages after—it was to listen to the familiar hum of an electric tram. So she supposed it. The blinds on either side of her were drawn, but she could make out that they were travelling through a large town, that it was very late, or early morning, and that, apparently, people who lived in this part of it were all in bed.

Quite suddenly, as if it were meant to surprise her, the car swung in by the footwalk with a squealing of brakes.

"Here we are, miss," announced blue-suit.

He went out on to the carriage step before an ornate iron gate flanked by tall trees, and helped Jenny to alight. The German and the French chauffeur closed in upon her as a measure of precaution.

She was taken up a stately drive skirting an old world garden in which a fountain softly splashed. The house, set on slightly rising ground beyond a broad stone terrace, was more like a palace. It reminded Jenny of pictures she had seen of Versailles, it was so architecturally beautiful.

Light filtered past slender marble columns at the entrance; otherwise the place appeared to be in darkness.

They came into the hall which was dimly illumined from a single light high overhead. It was an exquisitely appointed place, but at this hour vast and silent. The men had doffed their hats, and Jenny found the lush that had come over them very disturbing.

Beyond her rose a grand staircase of gleaming marble, flanked by life-like statues. Wonderingly, her eyes travelled to the gallery above with its handsome marble balustrade. Blue-suit gave a strangled little cough, and in the same instant Jenny was repressing a cry—a cry of fright, almost of horror.

Up there in the gallery, where she had come to lean lightly over and view the little group waiting below, was the person Jenny had dreaded from the first moment of her great adventure—the woman in pale grey with the baleful, almond-shaped eyes whom she had seen watching Dorna Drewe that day outside Wilbridge's in Oxford Street.

The Sentence

WILL you come this way, madame?" said a foreign voice, and Jenny looked round with a start to see a solemn faced, elderly man who might have been the butler of the place.

Almost at the same moment, she was gazing towards the gallery again. But the spectre that still held her rooted to the floor had vanished as softly and mysteriously as it had come.

"This way, if you please, madame," came the voice, more imperatively, and, clutching at her scattered wits, Jenny was a little encouraged by the sight of a girl in cap and apron who had come to gaze at her from a passage opening off the hall.

Blue-suit touched her on the arm.

"S all right, miss," he whispered, "Nothing doing till the morning. Better get upstairs and get some sleep. You're expected, see."

Jenny saw the uselessness of protesting. The people about her were only servants with orders to carry out. She was still trembling at the shock of seeing that ghostly and forbidding figure, but evidently the woman had gone back to her own room. And Jenny herself wanted nothing so much then as rest and time to compose herself. Her head ached with the surprises of the day and the long journey.

"Par ici, madame," said the trim maid, and led Jenny down the passage and up a double flight of stairs to one of the long corridors above. Blue-suit and his German friend had disappeared, and the house butler, after waiting discreetly at the bottom of the stairs, also took himself off.

Here, I say, what's to happen to me? Whose house is this? Where—?" began Jenny.

Je ne vous comprends pas, madame.

With that she was cut off, and given clear to understand that the girl, like the rest of them, meant to be as close as any oyster.

Jenny gasped at the opulence of the bedroom into which she came. It was furnished in the Louis style, all gold and brocade, with a canopy bed that seemed to have come straight out of a museum. Everything was clean as a new pin, however, and with a little cry of pleasure Jenny noticed the gorgeous silk negligie—dressing-gown and "nightie," even boudoir cap—all folded and new as it had evidently come straight from some big shop in town. Also, there was a refreshing display of towels.

The maid busied herself about the bed for a minute, then turned to the door to invite Jenny to follow. She showed her a thoroughly modern bathroom. Jenny must have looked hungry for soap and water. At any rate, the girl indicated the bath-towel.

Si vous voulez, madame, she said.

I will," said Jenny.

A little later, in a warm glow from her bath, and in a cloud of soft silk, she was stretching herself luxuriously in the canopy bed. The maid, without a word, switched off the light and went out, and the turn of the key in the lock warned Jenny that there was grim reality in the dream.

But she slept. Had she been in a condemned cell she would have slept.

In the morning she was wondering seriously if the room were not something of the kind, if these people really believed her to be Dorna Drewe—and if she failed to disillusion them—if the desperate threat uttered by blue-suit in the Strasbourg café might not reasonably overtake her.

The soft footed maid was back in the room. She announced briefly that it was after noon, and would madame now take luncheon? After noon! Jenny stared a long time.

"Couldn't I have some tea rather?" she asked after a while.

"Tea? Ah, oui, oui, madame."

The maid went out, locking the door again, and soon after returned with tea and rolls and a succulent omelette.

Jenny was left alone after the maid had indicated that she had better dress and be ready.

She rose, looking askance at Jacqueline's poor outfit, the old fashioned skirt and bodice, the apron, the woollen hose, the heavy, clattering sabots. However, there was nothing else for it but to don the peasant's dress in which, yesterday, she should have taken part in the scene with Dorna Drewe and Raymond Verney before the movie cameras.

The summons did not come until late in the afternoon. It was the butler who brought it, and he preceded Jenny downstairs.

Jenny had been fretting, and her very real fear of the sinister woman in pale grey had returned. It did not seem good enough to argue that as she was not the girl they wanted they would be powerless to harm her. Jenny had seen enough of the organisation to realise its seriousness. And they had not brought her from Strasbourg at considerable trouble merely for the fun of it.

"They think me Dorna Drewe—and I must not deny it. I must not!" she told herself as she came once more into the great, tapestried hall.

There was something ominous in the way the butler threw open a door and ushered her into the room beyond. Jenny's heart was in her mouth. The room was very large and full of exquisite furnishings. Jenny stood still, dazed by the splendour of the place.

Then, with her heart feeling as though it were going to stop, she saw the little group of people at one end, all of them staring at her in disconcerting silence. There was blue-suit and the big German, bareheaded and standing respectfully at attention. Also there was a stranger to Jenny—a thin, hook-nosed, elderly man with an aristocratic Bourbon face who peered at her from behind gold-rimmed glasses.

And, seated upright and Sphinx-like on a sofa of gold brocade in the midst of the group the woman in pale grey! She was still in grey, very plainly dressed, but here in this stately room she had the presence of a queen.

Only for an instant did she seem to notice Jenny, and Jenny went cold at the look from those glittering jade eyes. The look expressed nothing; it seemed to go through and beyond her.

"What is your name?" The woman asked the question in a voice peculiarly deep and low. Jenny clenched her hands.

"You brought me here against my will," she answered. "I don't suppose you did that without knowing something about me?"

"Well, why should you pose as Dorna Drewe, the film star?"

"That's my business—and Dorna Drewe's. Jenny found courage to retort.

And still the woman did not so much as give her a second look, nor did she appear to be moved in the slightest. If anything, she looked bored.

You refuse to say?"

"I do," Jenny was prepared for something dramatic then, but nothing happened, so she went on more courageously: "Also I demand to know why I have been brought here in this outrageous way. I demand to be allowed to go at once!"

"Very well," said the woman unexpectedly. She turned slightly to the men in the gold-rimmed glasses and spoke a few hurried words in French.

And it was all over.

Jenny was too flabbergasted to remember what immediately followed. She was vaguely disappointed and ashamed. The woman in pale grey had somehow failed to come up to expectations. In short, instead of being regarded as an important and dangerous quantity, she felt like a scullery maid who had been summarily sacked.

She found herself out in the big hall, with blue-suit and the German keeping her company. Her request to be allowed to go at once was fulfilled literally. She was hustled through a long passage and out at the back of the house, across a stretch of lawn and garden and past some out-houses to a lane behind.

Here the car in which she had travelled overnight was again at her disposal. Jenny was put inside and, almost before the door was closed upon her, the young French chauffeur was leaning in the clutch and whisking her off at a pace that gave her no time to collect her scattered wits.

They emerged into a long boulevard with trees and big houses on either side, then over a

(Continued on page 26.)



HOW I FREE'D MYSELF FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIR FOR EVER

Frederica Hudson passes on the wonderful story of how she freed herself permanently from Superfluous Hair.

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2 Completely does away with shiny noses and greasy-looking faces.

3 Stays on all day in spite of heat, wind, rainy weather or perspiration while dancing or playing tennis.

4 Prevents the skin from drying up, thereby causing wrinkles and a coarse rough skin.

5 Contains no tiny gritty, hard particles to enter the pores and cause blackheads, enlarged pores and other unsightly blemishes.

6 Is used by the most noted beauticians of France, England and America. Poudre Tokalon on in all shades may be obtained for 1/- at hairdressers, chemists and stores.

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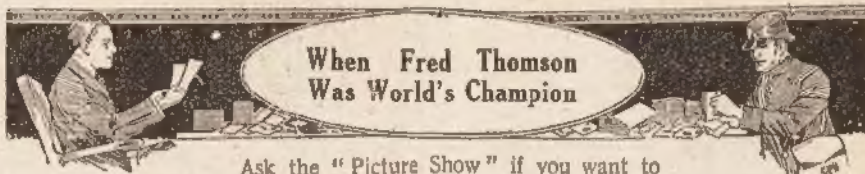
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When Fred Thomson Was World's Champion

Ask the "Picture Show" if you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

"Coco" (New Malden).—Yes, quite a number of real cowboys are among those acting for the films. As regards your favourite, Fred Thomson, he was the world's all-round champion athlete for three years, 1910, 1911 and 1913. In height, he is 6 ft., but I am sorry I cannot tell you his chest measurement, for this information has not been disclosed. The first film in which he appeared was "The Love Light," starring Mary Pickford. It was Tom Mix, and not Buck Jones, in "North of the Yukon." This was released last year.

"Blossom" (Aldershot).—Glad to hear that both you and your son find the "P.S." such a pleasant companion every Monday. Here is the cast of "Lilies of the Field": Corlaine Griffith (Mildred Barker), Conway Tearle (Louis Willing), Alma Bennett (Doris), Sylvia Breamer (Vera), Myrtle Stedman (Mazie), Crawford Kent (Walter Barker), Charlie Murray (Charles Lee), Phyllis Haver (Gertrude), Charles Gerrard (Ted Conroy). Unfortunately, the cast of the very old film you mention is not available now.

V. W. (Grimsby).—Art plates of Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino were published respectively in the issues for December 1st, 1923, and July 5th, 1924. The cost of a single back number is 3d. Victoria Forde is the wife of Tom Mix, and Antonio Moreno is married to Mrs. Daisy Canfield Doudger. With regard to your canine favourites, Peter the Great belongs to Edward Faust, Rin-tin-tin to Leland L. Duncan, and Duke to Tom Mix.

M. G. H. (Oxford).—It is very difficult to say where an old film may be showing. Perhaps the manager of the cinema in your locality did not think there was any great demand for the re-issue of "The Mark of Zorro." Anyway, I am sorry I do not know when it is likely to be re-issued. William Fairbanks and Douglas Fairbanks are not related.

S. K. B. (Calcutta).—There is no complete list published of all the film producing companies on the Continent. In any case it would be little use applying, for if there are any vacancies they will be offered, naturally enough, to those on the spot. The same applies to English and American companies. They do not undertake the training of applicants.

LECY (Newmarket).—Edmund Burns was the hero in "The Humming Bird." He was born in Philadelphia in 1892, and has blue eyes and black hair. "For Another Woman": Kenneth Harlan (Stephen Winthrop), Kathryn Hildell (Mary Carter), Florence Billings (Valerie Langdon), Henry Sedley (Frank Garson), Alan Hale (Phillip Rose), Nellie Peck Saunders (Mrs. Rose), Mary Thurman (Felicie Rose), Tyrone Power (Richard Winthrop).

FILM ENTICIAST (Abertillery).—Sorry, we have no photos of artists for disposal or should be pleased to oblige. Eddie Polo left the films some time ago and began a tour of the music-halls. "King of the Circus": Eddie Polo (Eddie King), Corlaine Porter (Helen Howard), Kiftoria Beveridge (Mary

Warren), Harry Madison (James Gray), Charles Fortune (John Winters). "Saved by Wireless": George Larkin (John Powell), Jacqueline Logan (Mary Stafford), Minna Ferry Redman (Mrs. Powell), Harry Northrup (Phil Norton), Wm. Gould (Spiko Jones), Wilson Hummel (Dr. Stafford), Andrew Arbuckle (Pat Hennessy), "Tarzan of the Apes": "The Son of Tarzan," and "Romance of Tarzan" have been filmed.

F. K. (Grimsby).—If there was any money on that bet of yours, then one of you will be the poorer, for no American artistes were in "Koenigsmark." The cast is: Huzette Duflos (Aurora, Grand Duchess of Lautenburg), George Vautier (Grand Duke Frederick), Henri Houry (Grand Duke Randolph), Marcy Capri (Countess Meisline de Graffen), Jacque Catalain (Raol Vignerte). "If I Were Queen": Ethel Clayton (Ruth Townley), Andree Lemon (Oluf), Warner Baxter (Valdemir), Victory Bateman (Aunt Ollie), Murdoch MacQuarrie (Duke of Wort), Genevieve Blinn (Sister Ursula). Yes, you can get information by post as well if you enclose a stamp and addressed envelope.

"MAX" (Belfast).—Yes, it was Thomas Holding who played opposite Pauline Frederick in the early version of "The Eternal City." J. W. Kerrigan was born on July 25th, 1889, in Louisville, Kentucky, and has black hair and hazel eyes, while his height is 6 ft. 1 in. He is not married. Cecil Humphreys was born on July 21st, 1883, and is married to Gladys Mason. Casson Ferguson was born on May 29th, 1891, in Alexandria, Louisiana, and is 5 ft. 11 ins. in height, with brown hair and blue-grey eyes. George Walsh was born on March 10th, 1892, in New York, and has dark brown hair and eyes. His height is 5 ft. 11 ins.

E. W. (Sale).—Sorry you have not won a prize as yet, but keep on trying and your luck may change one day. "The Green Temptation": Betty Compson (Genelle), Corlaine and Joan Parker, Mahlon Hamilton (John Allenby), Theodore Kosloff (Gaspard), Neely Edwards (Pitou), Edmund Burns (Hugh Dwyker), Lynore Lyndard (Duchesse de Chazarin), Mary Thurman (Dolly Duntton), Betty Brice (Mrs. Weedon Dwyker), Arthur Hull (Weedon Dwyker), "The Humming Bird": Gloria Swanson (Toinette, alias the Humming Bird), Edmund Burns (Randall Carey), William Rickard ("Papa" Jacques), Cesare Gravini (Charlot), Mario Majeroni (La Roche), Mme. d'Ambricourt (The Owl), Helen Lindroth (Mrs. Rutherford).

"Fifi" (Bognor).—Some of Mary Astor's films are "The Bright Shawl," "Beau Brummel," "The Good Bad Girl," "The Fighting Coward," "Enticement." Her expressions were in the issue for February 21st, 1925. She has auburn hair and brown eyes. Clive Brook was born in London and first appeared on the screen in "Trent's Last Case." Previous to this he had been on the stage. He is married to Mildred Evelyn, and has black hair and dark brown eyes. (More answers next week.)

THE GIRL FROM HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 24.)

broad river to other wide roads where the houses were more closely packed and large blocks of flats appeared. Soon they were spinning through the busy streets of a large city.

Jenny craned forward, torn with suspense and misgiving. She read the French names on the corners, but they conveyed nothing to her, and soon it was apparent that the car was purposely avoiding the main thoroughfares. They came into a network of rather mean streets and, at last, half-way across a wide open space with what looked like a public park on one side, the car jolted to a stop.

The young Frenchman came to throw open the door to Jenny.

"Please, mademoiselle," he said, "zis is where you got out."

Jenny got out, stared about her, then down at her peasant-girl clothes. The young chauffeur was showing white teeth under a trim, dark moustache in frank amusement. He banged the door shut and turned to vault into his seat before the wheel.

"But where am I? What place is this?" Jenny gasped out.

"Paris, mademoiselle. Ze one an' only!" Again the genial smile of amusement, not unmingled perhaps with other feelings for this pretty and very astonished English girl.

"Paris! Oh, my goodness!" cried Jenny in alarm. "Are you leaving me here—in this mad rig-out—without a bean?"

"A bean, mademoiselle?" His eyebrows arched.

"I have no money—not a cent."

"Ah, money!" He lifted a corner of his leather jacket and fished a note from his pocket. He looked at it. It was for twenty francs. With a gallant, mocking wave of the hand he parted with the note to Jenny.

"Ze best of luck, mademoiselle. Cheerio!" he was shouting next moment and, starting off, brought the big car swerving round and set off homewards so suddenly and at such speed that Jenny could do no more than stand and stare after him.

Then she looked at the twenty-franc note—worth five shillings odd in English money—and down again at her Jacqueline make-up. Over on the footwalks people had stopped to stare Jenny stared back, with tears in her eyes.

So this was Paris! Raneham had promised that she would see the place on her way back. Well, the opportunity seemed to have come!

(To be Continued.)

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roots of the hair, and you will find your skin looks exquisite and flower-soft. Often you have longed to be beautiful. All you need are these three: Pompeian DAY Cream, Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, and Pompeian BLOOM. Or, if you prefer to collect each singly start to-day with a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder.

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